



*Rhymes and Verses*



*Grinnell Willis*

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RHYMES AND VERSES  
WRITTEN FOR THE FAMILY





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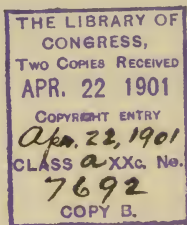
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GRINNELL WILLIS

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*To my Mother-in-Law*

THE laws of the land are many and old,  
Moses made some of them, so I am told;  
But the bonniest law that ever I saw  
Is my own, my jolly old mother-in-law.



## *Introduction*

I HAVE written these "Rhymes and Verses" from time to time during the last twenty years, without preparation, and many of them at an hour's notice, simply to express the fun or sentiment of an occasion. Their defects are many, and I claim no poetical merit for them. I offer this little volume to my family as a loving reminder of old times and happy days, which are now only memories of the past.

♥ Affectionately,

GRINNELL WILLIS.



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# RHYMES AND VERSES



*Christmas Rhyme, Sung at Every Christmas  
Gathering for Many Years.*

Audience, awaiting Santa Claus, sings :

WELCOME all to-night,  
We're glad you've come in time,  
Sing with all your might,  
Oh! sing the Christmas rhyme.  
Make the chorus ring,  
Shout the loud applause,  
Sing with all your voices, sing,  
Hurrah! for Santa Claus!

CHORUS :

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle loud and long,  
How joyful is the music of this our Christmas song!  
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle loud and long,  
How joyful is the music of this our Christmas song!

## RHYMES AND VERSES

We all love Santa Claus,  
A merry man is he,  
We'll shout our loud applause  
And greet him merrily.  
He has a heavy pack  
With Christmas gifts galore,  
He soon will come a-knocking,—  
A-knocking at the door.— CHORUS.

Many homes to-night  
Are waiting for his call,  
Their welcome will be warm and bright  
But ours is best of all.  
Hark! He's coming fast,  
Hear the sleigh-bells ring,  
Now he's here at last —

Enter  
Santa Claus: All Hail! The Christmas King!— CHORUS.

Farewell, ring out the song,  
Sing with all your heart,  
Speed the parting guest along  
If he must depart.  
Let the echoes ring,  
Shout the loud applause,  
Sing with all your voices, sing,

Exit  
Santa Claus: Good-by to Santa Claus.— CHORUS.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Lines to my Wife, when We Moved into Our New  
House at Morristown, February 18, 1892.*

*The Old Home Dressed Anew.*

HOME again! How sweet the sound  
Of that familiar word!  
Our pulses thrill, our hearts rebound  
Again, when it is heard.  
A year of absence brings us back  
To home, and all that's dear;  
The setting of it may be new,  
But the old things still are here.  
Our books and pictures greet us  
From their places on the wall,  
And friendly faces meet us  
In answer to our call.  
A new home? Yes; both old and new,  
But if we reckon o'er  
What makes a home for me and you,  
The old one seems the more.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

Old love that time has stronger made,  
Associations old,  
The children God has given us  
To cherish and unfold,  
A mother's smile and tender care  
(The home's foundation wall) —  
All these are home itself,  
The essence of it all.  
And so the new is still the old  
Where hearts are strong and true,  
And we are once more in the fold,  
In the "Old Home Dressed Anew."

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Robert Haydock, Christmas, 1884.*

ONCE more at home, at Christmas time,  
We gather at thy call,  
Thy children and grandchildren,  
We are coming, one and all.  
From East and West we're coming,  
A joyous, happy throng,  
Our hearts are glad, and on our lips  
The merry Christmas song.  
We've had our own Saint Nicholas,  
Our merry Christmas tree,  
But better far than all of these,  
We're coming home to thee.  
Thy presence is our beacon light,  
Our star by day, our guide by night.  
God bless you both, your children pray,  
And keep you safe for many a day.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Haydock's  
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary,  
1839-1889*

'Tis the golden harvest time,  
The richest of the year,  
    When nature dons her brightest dress,  
    And decks the fields and the wilderness  
With glory far and near.

'Tis the time of peace and joy,  
Of promises fulfilled,  
    Of barns well stocked with the ripened ear,  
    And even the haze in the atmosphere  
By a sweet peace is stilled.

'Tis the golden time for you,  
Life's harvest garnered well,  
    The peace of fifty years well spent  
    Has only love and sweet content  
And happiness to tell.



## RHYMES AND VERSES

May ever the golden blessing  
Be yours, and ne'er depart,  
    And the love of friends who have been so true,  
    Who are present now to rejoice with you,  
Be found in every heart.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Sara H. Baker, on her Birthday,  
March 2, 1891.*

“**THEY** hands are such dear hands,  
They are so full, they turn at our demands  
So often ; they reach out,  
With many trifles scarcely thought about,  
So many times ; they do  
So many things so kind and true ;”  
And we, whose hearts are full, can only say,  
While blessing thee from day to day,  
Our love and sympathy are surely thine,  
Enduring to the end of time.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Sara H. Baker,  
when she left us and began her course in the  
Training School at "Bellevue."*

DEAR friend, 'tis hard to say farewell,  
And harder yet it is to tell,  
In parting words, how strong the tie  
We sever now in this good-bye.  
We all shall miss thy gentle grace,  
Thy willing hand and cheerful face ;  
No other friend thy place can fill,  
Though absent we shall claim thee still ;  
God bless the work thou hast begun,  
And guard thee in the years to come,  
And when thy heart is weary, or alone,  
Come back and rest in this thy home.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at Mr. and Mrs. Haydock's Forty-ninth  
Wedding Anniversary, Twelfth Street,  
January 27, 1892.*

BROTHERS and sisters young and old,  
Here is a story to be told,  
A rambling story full of fun  
Of the jolliest family under the sun ;  
So blow the horn and ring the bell,  
And hark to what I have to tell.

There is a dear lady whom all of us know,  
Who lives in New York right opposite "Trow,"  
And she and her good man are chock full of mirth,  
A blessed old couple, the salt of the earth.  
Their children are many, some there and some here,  
But they all come together at least once a year  
To bless and be blessed, and to offer a prayer  
For the family circle in love gathered there.

The family stock is old and strong,  
In Philadelphia they belong ;

## RHYMES AND VERSES

Fishers, and Whartons, and Haydocks too  
Were raised in clover at old "Bellevue";  
And Smiths and Mellors joined the throng,  
While the numbers increased as the years rolled on,  
And Hallowell and Willis were counted in,  
And the delegation from "Sandy Spring,"  
And Storks and Haywards, and many more  
Found the latch string of the door.  
Ever a welcome warm and sweet  
Met all at the door of "Old Twelfth Street."  
The slave in distress has been taken in,  
And the Quaker preacher stiff and prim,  
The "merely eating friends" have been fed,  
And entertained, and put to bed,  
And many a soldier in the war  
Said his last farewell from this open door.  
Here good advice was often spoken,  
And words of cheer, or some little token  
Slipped in the hand of the parting lad,  
A trifle to make his heart feel glad;  
Or children and grandchildren trooping in  
With their everlasting noise and din,  
And Santa Claus with his heavy pack,  
Shouting to keep his reindeer back,  
While the lads and lasses danced around,  
To a song that made the walls resound —

## RHYMES AND VERSES

All this, and much more, the door could tell  
Of the many who've rung that well-worn bell.

We read of the joy of a cheerful heart,  
And the good that love can do.  
Does any home more love impart  
Than this one which is open to you?  
Can we number the heart strings that center here  
Or the many friends that come  
To pull the latch string year by year,  
And call this spot their home?  
Our home, thrice blest indeed,  
And 'tis well for us to speak  
The loving thoughts, in a time like this,  
That come to those who seek.  
So join the toast I offer you,  
Our Father! Our Mother! tried and true,  
God bless them, we pray,  
And for many years more  
May the latch string hang out  
At the "Old Twelfth Street" door.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mrs. Chinery, on her Eighteenth Birthday,  
February 29, 1892, from Hannah.*

I WISH I was a baby,  
A tiny dimpled thing,  
To hear again the lullaby  
My old nurse used to sing.

To roll about, and kick and laugh,  
Without a thought or care,  
Serenely happy, just to know  
That my old nurse was there.

She always loved to bathe me  
In my cunning little tub,  
To wrap me in a blanket,  
And give my back a rub.

She knew when I was hungry,  
When my bottle I should take,  
She watched while I was sleeping,  
And amused me when awake.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

She is a sweet old lady,  
The babies' dearest friend,  
Her touch is tenderness itself,  
Her patience without end.

But stay! did I say old?  
No, that can never be.  
Youth, the Fairy, cares for her,  
My Dear Old Chinery.

Others answer to the roll,  
Each twelvemonth to a day,  
And none may ever shun it,  
Or have leave to stay away.

But when her star was lighted,  
Youth said, "Be kind and true,  
As you care for little children,  
So I will care for you."

And we, Youth's servants, here to-day,  
His bidding gladly do,  
For leap year comes but seldom,  
Eighteen leap years to few.



## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Read at the Opening of the New Club House of the  
Germantown Cricket Club at Mannheim,  
April 27, 1892.*

THE cricket is a jolly elf  
With a bright and cheerful song,  
Who knows that ease and comfort  
To an open hearth belong ;  
When the fire burns the brightest,  
And the guests are coming in,  
When hearts are at their lightest  
You may hear the cricket sing.  
So let our " Mannheim " cricket  
Be the minstrel here to-night,  
And sing his song of welcome  
In the changing fire-light.

Let him tell to us the story  
Of heroes, bold and true,  
Of the boys who won our battles,  
When cricketers were few ;

## RHYMES AND VERSES

Of faithful, honest effort,  
Of treasure freely given,  
Of those who for the good of all  
Have long and nobly striven ;  
Of this fine hall, this castle fair,  
This homestead builded well,  
The " Mecca " of all cricketers,  
Let our " Mannheim " cricket tell.

Cricket — the noble, ancient game,  
Old England's sport,— of storied fame,  
Coming a stranger and unknown,  
In Germantown had found a home.  
Back in the fifties, we can name  
Such cricketers as Tom McKean,  
And Welsh, and Patterson, and Brown,  
The Old Guard of the Germantown.  
The Newhalls, Wisters, and many more,  
Whom we delight to number o'er,  
And who were always in the van  
When Young America began.

The lads were scarcely wicket high,  
But iron nerve and practised eye  
With steady bat, and nimble ball  
Won frequent victory over all,

## RHYMES AND VERSES

And made these clubs a household word  
Wherever cricketers were heard.

Established thus by yeoman true,  
The game in strength and favor grew,  
And other clubs began to claim  
Their share of local cricket fame.  
But these two rivals in the race  
Were always in the foremost place,  
And every year the battle test  
Found one of them to be the best,  
Until with wisdom rarely seen,  
Where rivalry has been so keen,  
They thought to join the red and blue  
And make one club where then were two.

So Young America was wooed  
By Germantown, in earnest mood,  
And, like a bride, gave up her name,  
That both should have a nobler fame.

In union there is strength, 'tis said,  
And when in time these two were wed,  
Dame Fortune was an honored guest,  
And gave the future her behest,

## RHYMES AND VERSES

That ever to the White and Blue  
Her Royal Legions should be true.

The "Germantown," now doubly strong,  
Outgrew the home she'd known so long,  
New fields, and larger quarters were  
The urgent problems then for her.  
It seemed indeed a giant task,  
Almost too great for her to ask,  
But only from the bended bow  
Can we its strength and power know.  
And promptly, to her earnest call,  
Her sons gave answer, one and all,—  
A sturdy answer, quick and true,  
What you command, that we will do.

And so, this jewel in her crown,  
This pride and joy of Germantown,  
This home where old and young may find  
Pleasure and sport of every kind,  
Where recreation's song is sung,  
And youth grows strong, and age grows young  
Where honor is the lesson taught,  
And all are gentlemen in sport,  
This home, our "Mannheim," came to be  
Their pledge to her of loyalty.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mary Drake, Christmas, 1893.*

THE mountains of thy native home  
Keep guard o'er those who go and come,  
Their summits, lit with morning ray,  
Bring the glad tidings of the day,  
And sunset glow, and evening star,  
Sweet messengers of comfort are.

So in thy quiet, restful way  
Thee gives us strength from day to day,  
Thy smile to us is morning cheer,  
A blessing when the night draws near.  
Thy presence is the sweetest thing  
That old Saint Nicholas can bring —  
A benediction to us all,  
Which we shall evermore recall.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Robert Haydock, February 1, 1894.*

How still it is to-night !  
The silence is so near,  
Even the passing shadow  
Seems to fall upon the ear.

Our very hearts are still,  
And as we sit alone,  
We listen for a step  
Which we know is past and gone.

The presence which has blessed us,  
From youth to manhood's prime ;  
The sympathy so ready,  
The smile almost divine,

The tender heart so true,  
The open, generous hand,  
Are only memories now —  
A mystery of the spirit land.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

We grieve and yet we should rejoice  
That such a life has been ;  
And that we have shared its blessing  
With all our fellow men.

Death has no sorrow when it comes  
In such a peaceful way,  
And life will be the better  
For each one every day.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

### *Mary's Birthday, 1895.*

WE children three, and father one,  
Planned with one another,  
How we'd have a little fun  
With our loving mother.

Mother's birthday soon will come,  
The years we will not state,  
But in our well-adjusted home  
We always celebrate.

The thought perhaps was rash,  
But with a laugh and chuckle,  
We put in all our ready cash  
And bought a silver buckle.

A trifle, say you ?  
Yes, but the love in such a token  
Makes a tie between us  
That never can be broken.



## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Hannah sailed for Europe May 23, 1895.*

*H. H. W.—Bon Voyage.*

THE name of my girl is Whistle-de-dee,  
A bonny lass you'll find her,  
She has sailed away across the sea,  
And left me far behind her.

She is the apple of my eye,  
Her smile is life to me,  
I know she'll come back by and by  
From far across the sea.

May every wind that blows be fair  
And ocean's temper mild,  
God bless thee, is thy father's prayer,  
My love! My darling child!

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Nina's Birthday, August 28, 1895.*

EIGHTEEN years ago to-day  
A bit of sunshine came my way,  
A rosy, dimpled, laughing thing,  
As full of life as a bubbling spring.  
    You would never forget  
    If you had seen her,  
My dimpled girl,  
    My lovely Nina.

They tell me she is of age to-day,  
That the years have taken my girl away,  
But I have still a lady fair,  
With that lovely spirit dwelling there,  
And as of old, I still can trace,  
The laughing sunshine in her face.  
    Ah! You'll not forget  
    That you have seen her,  
My lady fair,  
    My lovely Nina.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Anna Hallowell Graduated at the Harvard Annex,  
Proposing to Give her Life to the Classics, but  
Meeting Horace Davis Abroad, She Changed Her  
Mind. On the Announcement of her Engage-  
ment We Sent Her a Fleur-de-lis Pin, with the  
Following Lines :*

*Hallowell vs. Horace.*

BEHOLD the Harvard Annex Queen,  
    Staid and stately and serene ;  
Many a line of Greek she read,  
    At home it was her daily bread.  
But when she crossed the raging sea,  
    And roamed among the Fleurs-de-lis,  
*Horace* became the only book  
    Into which she cared to look,  
And now she says she will translate him  
    Into Hallowell verbatim.

RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Anna Hallowell and Horace Davis  
at the time of their Wedding.*

FULL many a cent  
Is quickly spent  
That should be for the family mending,  
But this is sent  
With the full intent  
That the lovers shall do the spending.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Anna Hallowell's Wedding.*

*“ Noddebo,”*

*November 28, 1895.*

OLD “ Noddebo ” is gay to-night  
With merry voices sounding,  
Her clans have come with faces bright  
In love and mirth abounding.

They raise aloft the chorus  
Echoed back by wall and rafter,  
And old and young join in to swell  
The merry song and laughter.

'Tis a wedding feast to-night,  
The first in this dear home ;  
A crowning joy of years gone by,  
And hope for years to come.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

O light of life ! so wonderful !  
No human thought divining,  
It comes to us without our wish  
Or even our declining.

It burns in us from youth to age,  
The reason none can say ;  
We only know that life is ours  
To live as best we may.

We see it lighted when our girls  
And boys to us are given,  
And know that they must work and strive  
As we ourselves have striven.

We raise them up to maidenhood,  
To manhood and their prime ;  
And hope they may be blessed in life,  
As we were in our time.

Their homes will be where love is known  
If ours have been the same,  
And they will value most from us  
Example's cherished name.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

And when the hour of parting comes,  
As it has come to-day,  
We send them forth in hope and trust  
Rejoicing on their way.

'Tis always hard to say good-bye,  
But when their wings are grown  
The birds from out the nest must fly :  
Their problem is their own.

From us, no time, nor absence  
Can separate us ever ;  
Our hearts are one, beyond the power  
Of circumstance to sever.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*On my Forty-eighth Birthday I sent to George  
and Fred Moore and Bush the  
Following Lines :*

DEAR boys, when you are forty-eight,  
And realize how time has flown,  
You'll value most your honest mate  
Who loves you for yourself alone.  
The friend whose loyalty you've tried,  
Whose heart is ever straight and true ;  
You'll give up all the world beside,  
And keep him ever close to you.

Our Potts and I must regulate  
The family and its concerns ;  
Must keep the aunts and uncles straight  
And help each one along by turns.  
He flutters in society  
And I admire his success,  
While I shun such variety,  
But love him fondly none the less.



## RHYMES AND VERSES

Then George the ready, the true blue,  
Your place is warm within my heart ;  
One never turns in vain to you  
To do the full and manly part.  
And Bush, whose spirit never wanes  
In any stress of circumstance,  
Whose sparkling wit fresh vigor gains  
From every change of thought or chance ;  
“ You can have me without delay,”  
As I have heard the children say.  
And so, my boys, we'll jog along,  
Tho' twenty years between us stand,  
You've made the tie between us strong,  
You've given me the open hand.  
I am the first to climb the hill,  
And soon must take the downward grade ;  
But I'll be waiting for you still,  
To see the coast is safely made.

Affectionately yours,

GRINNELL WILLIS.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Having stood God-father for F. V. Burton's  
Eldest Son, I Sent Him a Cup with  
the Following Lines Engraved  
on the Bottom of It.*

1892.

MY boy, it is a priceless gift  
To bear thy father's name,  
A heritage of honesty,  
A stepping-stone to fame.  
The world has naught of gear nor gold,  
Nor fields, nor woodlands fair,  
Nor castled halls, nor kingdoms old,  
More precious or more rare.  
Cherish the name, revere it, boy,  
Be staunch, be strong and true.  
The scion of a worthy sire,  
The truest of the true.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Burton, on the Occasion  
of the Laying of the Corner-stone of their  
New Home, at Newburgh, N. Y.,  
September 25, 1896.*

HOME is the place that thrills the heart,  
And stirs the tide of feeling,  
Of our best selves it is a part,  
The shrine where all are kneeling.

Love keeps his fires burning there,  
And friendship finds the open door,  
Sweet childhood comes to claim its share,  
Widening the circle more and more.

And so the daily thought and care  
Of every man is Home, Sweet Home,  
'Tis present with him everywhere,  
He lives and works for them alone.

May love and skill guide heart and hand  
To build your castle firm and fair,  
And fortune's choicest gifts befall  
All those who dwell or enter there.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Frank Stockton, Christmas, 1896.*

I KNOW a merry man, with a twinkle in his eye,  
He nods a merry nod to every passer-by,  
He's a neighbor and a friend whom everybody knows,  
And he finds a cordial welcome everywhere he goes.  
He has friends to do him honor, and glory when he  
needs it,  
When he writes a funny story everybody reads it—  
Guess my riddle if you can, who will name my merry  
man?  
His renown will never change while the world reads  
"Rudder Grange."

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Christmas, 1896.*

*Fred and George Moore and Bush had a Christmas  
Card of Three Sailor Boys in Summer Rig,  
on Which I Wrote the Following Lines:*

LOOK at us! Look at us!  
We are bachelors three;  
We can sail the best yacht  
Ever launched on the sea.  
We can reef, we can steer,  
We can jolly the girls,  
And it takes a smart man  
To get onto our twirls.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

### *My Wife's Forty-eighth Anniversary.*

AT forty-eight 'tis not too late  
To lay some claim to youth,  
A little gray, perhaps, you'll say,  
And that's the honest truth.  
But we can sing the song of Spring,  
And keep our spirits gay,  
And thou wilt be the same to me,  
My true love every day.

But why repine at loss of time,  
Or count our vigor past ?  
Youth is a swain who'll long remain  
With those who hold him fast.  
If in our hearts his sunshine is,  
His welcome at the door,  
We both will say, with each birthday,  
We're younger than before.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Christmas, 1897.*

*The Christmas Chime.*

WE hear, like those of olden time,  
The music of the Christmas Chime,  
Telling its story again and again,  
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men"—  
That beautiful story told so well  
By the sound of the joyous Christmas bell.  
It seems of Christmas-time a part,  
Finding an echo in every heart,  
And everywhere throughout the land  
Its tokens pass from hand to hand.  
So may we our voices raise  
With thankful hearts in songs of praise,  
As joyful as the merry chime  
That rings so clear at Christmas-time.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To Cousin Mary Parsons on her  
Seventy-fifth Anniversary, 1898.*

IF we're alive  
At seventy-five,  
    We all would like to be  
As blithe and spry  
And keen of eye  
    And full of fun as thee.

In very truth  
The springs of youth  
    Have been, and still are thine,  
And thou canst say  
That locks of gray  
    Do not their ends define.

Why then let fears  
Of failing years  
    Beset us, when we see  
How bright and gay  
In every way  
    Life always seems to thee ?



## RHYMES AND VERSES

Come, take the cup,  
And fill it up,  
And pledge the wish with me :  
“ May every year  
Bring health and cheer,  
Our honored guest, to thee.”

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Lines Written in Mrs. Walter Cutting's House  
Book, Pittsfield, Mass., January 23, 1899.*

It is not always length of days  
That makes a friendship strong —  
One heart may know another,  
Though acquaintance be not long ;  
A word of cordial greeting,  
A look, a smile, may mean  
The sure and true foundation  
Of mutual esteem.  
I write my name in parting,  
And much my heart would tell,  
And I only can express it  
In the good old word "Farewell."

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Written for the Engagement Dinner given to  
Ridley Watts and Gertrude Hoy,  
October 24, 1899.*

A YOUNG man paced with anxious stride,  
Up and down, from side to side.  
Oh! Ho! says I, Watts up, my boy?  
Says he, I've lost my "Ship-a-Hoy,"  
The finest craft that ever sailed,  
Alas! Alack-a-day, he wailed,  
It would have been a lasting joy  
To change her name to Watts from Hoy.  
Avast! says I, it's not so bad,  
Come, take a brace! Cheer up, my lad!  
Such wild despair will never do,  
She's wondering Watts become of you,  
And sailed off on a cruise, you know;  
Be sure you'll have her soon in tow.  
I think if you'll consult the log,  
You'll find she's shaped her course for Quogue,  
Down where the summer breezes blow,  
Where days are long, and time is slow,

## RHYMES AND VERSES

Where lovers wander on the beach  
Out of sight and out of reach,  
Whispering and murmuring like the sea,  
That old, old story of you and me.  
He smiled and started off that way,  
And when I crossed his bows one day,  
His deep despair was turned to joy,  
He had in tow his "Ship-a-Hoy."

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To my Nephew, Jack Hallowell, Right End of  
Harvard's Football Eleven,  
November 27, 1899.*

*Harvard 17—Yale 0.*

“H” STANDS for Fair Harvard,  
Who mothers us all,  
For her heroes who gladly  
Respond to her call;  
For the Honors they've won  
In serving her well,  
And for her “Right End,”  
John White Hallowell.  
Play straight and play strong, my lad,  
Honest and sure,  
And your fame at Fair Harvard  
Shall ever endure.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

### *A Twelfth Street Valentine.*

IN the merry days of youth,  
When life was all a rhyme,  
What a jolly thing it was  
To write a valentine !  
Or if you had a cent or two,  
Like some one I could name,  
You'd skip around the corner,  
And buy one from " Mr. Lane."  
A gushing, blushing missive,  
With hearts and flowers on it,  
And printed at the bottom  
A lovely little sonnet.  
Can hearts that fifty seasons know  
Recall that golden time ?  
And heads a little tinged with snow  
Enjoy a valentine ?  
Yes ; memory gives an added zest,  
The ripened fruit is always best.

L. of C.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*To D. S. Newhall.*

*With a Hearth Brush for their New Home.*

THE brightest spot on the earth is home,  
And when one calls that spot one's own,  
And gives to every nook a share  
Of individual, watchful care,  
Planning each room to suit its guest,  
And please each varying fancy best;  
Ah ! then perfection is attained,  
And sweet content for all is gained.  
But yet, perchance, by hook or crook,  
There may remain a vacant nook  
Whose furnishing, a little scant,  
May welcome still an occupant.  
If this by the fireside chance to be,  
Reserve it, if you please, for me,  
A humble applicant for fame  
Who seeks to hang beside the crane.  
May the light of thy fire for thee ever shine,  
And the warmth of its welcome be thine for all time.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*These Lines were Sent with a Set of Glasses to Fred  
and George Moore and G. Fairfax Bush,  
with Whom I had Made Pleasant  
Expeditions on the Wheel.*

WHAT, ho! My Benedicts! My boys,  
Beware the tempting cup ;  
But when your uncle comes around,  
Fill up! my boys, fill up.

What matter if our Potts is late  
Or the "Cynics'" shafts strike home,  
Or nephew Bush indulge his fad  
Of guying all who come.

We've ridden many a jolly mile  
Down many a dizzy coast,  
And as we hope for many more,  
Come join your uncle's toast.



## RHYMES AND VERSES

The wheel! The wheel! our trusty steed,  
So speedy and so sure;  
We'll ride it on o'er hill and dale  
While health and strength endure.

And so, good luck! My Benedicts!  
Fill up the glass, I say!  
We've many a mile before us yet,  
And many a holiday.

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## RHYMES AND VERSES

*We Made a Visit to  
Uncle Charles and Mary Wharton at Newport.  
At Christmas Time Mary Sent a Shawl,  
with the Following Lines:*

I THOUGHT I'd like to write a rhyme  
To go with Mary's shawl,  
But I seemed to stick at every line,  
And couldn't write at all.  
My wife she wanted something fine,  
Full of sentiment and love,  
Hearts a-heaving and a-sighing  
Like the billows in your cove.  
Of course I couldn't quite agree,  
As husbands won't, sometimes,  
And that's the reason why you see  
I'm sending you these lines.  
I want to give you solid chunks  
Of our appreciation  
Of Newport hospitality,  
Without exaggeration.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

You took us both clean off our feet  
When we stayed with you last Summer,  
That ranch of yours is hard to beat—  
What we should call a hummer.  
It isn't very much for trees,  
Bananas wouldn't thrive,  
But then you always have a breeze,  
And can always take a drive.  
The visitor arising  
Before the break of day,  
Would see our host and stalwart sons,  
In very light array,  
Disporting in their bathing tent  
Like bull-frogs on the shore;  
And every minute in they went  
The bottom to explore.  
All through the day the sailing  
And tennis took our time,  
And when the bell for dinner rang  
You found us all in line.  
When evening came we took our ease,  
Not caring to be active,  
And found the porch and summer breeze  
By far the most attractive.  
In fact, that breeze so soothing was  
That many a nod was seen,

## RHYMES AND VERSES

And many a nap and solemn pause  
And many a pleasant dream,  
Until our host would rise and say,  
    “Wake up! The *Pilgrim's* coming!”  
I see her lights far up the bay  
And hear her paddles drumming!”  
Then when that wondrous show was gone  
No more was ever said,  
The lights were all put out at once,  
And the family went to bed.  
'Tis thus, dear people, we recall  
That pleasant summer day,  
And memory lets her mantle fall  
On this my humble lay.  
May Santa Claus his blessing give  
To all of you and yours,  
The pleasure you have given  
Its own reward assures.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Sent with a Fly Book to my Old Friend,  
Fisher Corlies.*

FISHER and Fishing both have F  
For their initial letter,  
And when Fisher goes a-fishing  
No fellow fishes better.

But when a fellow fishes  
With Fisher for his friend,  
That fishing is ideal,  
And friendship crowns the end.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Sent with a Mince Pie to a Friend.*

EMBLEM of the Yankee feast,  
Choicest dish of all the East,  
Could I wish, I would that I  
Should always have a piece of pie.

## RHYMES AND VERSES

*Sent with a Christmas Stocking to Hope Willis.*

### *Hope's Stocking.*

GOODNESS gracious! ain't it shocking!  
That Hope should hang up *such* a stocking!  
We've heard you say that she was *fat*;  
But, heavens! such a leg as that!  
Have a care when she goes out,  
For P. T. Barnum is about,  
And Santa Claus! what will he say?  
He couldn't fill it in a day.  
Jack Frost will faint or have a fit,  
And that will be the end of it.  
Well, Christmas comes but once a year,  
You *may* get to the toe if you persevere.









Apr-30 1901

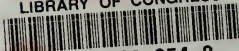








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